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The Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1913.

THE DYNAMIC SOUTH.

The man who can read the industrial section of a big Southern newspaper without feeling the pulsing of tremendous energy and wealth in the life of this section has neither wisdom nor imagination. He cannot interpret plain signs, nor build them into the vision of a great future. The only other reasons for a lack of enthusiasm over the splendid possibilities of the South must be either that they are so vast as to dazzle and bewilder, or that the man himself is so engrossed with his own little share of the mighty regeneration that he is blind to its larger significance.

Yesterday's Times-Dispatch contained one headline that sounds grandiloquent and boastful. To the outsider, it may hint that we are dizzy with success. To the student of our present industrial life who has learned of what we may hope to achieve, it is nothing but a plain statement of fact. The headline reads: "South to the Rescue: Country Safe." So long have we heard about the virile and bountiful West, or the solid and wealthy East and North, that the South has been looked upon as a kind of poor relation, kept in the family for sentiment, not because it did very much for the common good. It has been regarded as a land of indolence, pretty women, traditions and obsolete methods. The general opinion was that the country had to rescue the South.

But behind this apparently vainglorious headline were the plain figures that proved it true. The item concerned the increase in three leading crops in 1912 over 1911. Of these twelve staples, the South produced a total value of nearly \$2,000,000,000, or an increase of \$180,000,000 over the preceding year. In the rest of the nation the value was \$2,500,000,000, or a decrease of \$77,287,000. The South increased its output 10.3 per cent; the rest of the country fell off about 2.3 per cent.

In this day of increasing population and almost stationary food production, with the consequent high cost of living, it is more than a happy metaphor to say that the South is coming to the rescue of the nation. It is contributing so magnificently to the wealth and prosperity of the whole people that its progress takes on a significance larger than its merely local aspect. We are doing more than our share, and the present influence of Southern men in national politics is not the result of chance, but of fundamental, economic and social laws.

The South is dynamic. It is throbbing with life and vigor. It is growing by leaps and bounds. Men who are working in the South know that they are there realizing a great destiny. They are proud of the region. They believe in its future. They are perpetuating its past glory. They know that its achievements are not accidental. The soil, the climate, the variety and abundance of every natural wealth, the hearty industry and stability of the people, are absolute guarantees that in this new South is a land of plenty and promise worthy of all the endeavors of any man's heart and mind and spirit.

THE SOMBERNESS OF MEN.

The most impressive thing about the Easter parade was the somber simplicity of the masculine element. It was impressive by contrast, for the feminine celebrants were decorated in beautiful and bewitching ways. The women, young and old, who did not have come touch of spring dainty about them, or a spray of buds, could be counted on the fingers. Even the most cynical must have felt a real spirit of joy and thankfulness in this display of bright colors, rich fabrics, many-tinted flowers. However much we may stress the hidden spiritual values of life, the cold fact remains that they can only be shared by outer symbols. Why should the gentler sex have all the splendor and beauty of radiant and flowers, and the sterner half of the race pace solemnly along in dull clothes, unlighted by even a buttonhole bouquet? Do men not feel the reviving breath of spring, and desire to brighten up a bit?

This unfair distribution of parts in our ceremonies cuts both ways. If the men are bound by custom to wear melancholy black as their festal garments, the women seem to be deprived of a real place in the quieter and loftier functions of our feast days. Outside of feminine singing, women are always listeners, not active participants. From male lips come the messages, the prayers, the poetry and petition. Most of the music is written by men and played by men. The various offices are filled by men. The garments of formal symbolism are worn by men. The ritual is man's duty; the symbol of fresh faith and renewed hopes and inward peace seems left for woman to interpret by the individual expression of her spirit in flowers and fashions.

Somewhat the same seems to have been divided. There is a division of labor that limits each half. We do not mean that men ought to wear shower bouquets of sweet-pink and ferns, or wrap Bulgarian silks around their

stove-pipe hats. Nor do we mean that women must usurp the place of priests, and become spectacular participants in ceremonies. We do mean that both might profit by sharing the beauty and service of a great ceremony.

If, by sad chance, all the women had been kept at home yesterday, would Easter have been such a time of fragrance and beauty? No service could have added the touch of nature and simple joy that their love of the outer tokens contributed. If, by accident, all the men had been kept at home, who would have performed the inspiring offices? There would have been no service to call for beauty.

Surely men must feel some desire to put on the garments of spring. Surely, many women have messages that would help a weary world. The twin halves of humanity in union would surely gain inspiration and a sense of larger life.

THE INCOME TAX FIGHT.

The battle for the levying of a national income tax is but half won. The new sixteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution gives Congress plenary power to impose this tax, but about the construction of the bill defining the nature and amount of the tribute to be exacted a powerful struggle is yet to be waged. It is not supposed for an instant that the men of great wealth in the country, to whom the tax will be exceedingly costly, will sit idly by while the measure is being framed. They may not be able to defeat it, but they may succeed in postponing the passage of legislation imposing it. The wide difference of opinion in Congress as to the amount of the tax will further the interests of those who would delay as long as possible its levy.

Whatever income tax is laid will doubtless be gauged by the scope of the new tariff act. If the new tariff is so low that it cuts deep into the revenue of the Federal government, the income tax will be expected to yield a return to offset the loss. If its rate does not effect that end, a national deficit will almost certainly result.

The amount of revenue which an income tax would put into the treasury can only be conjectured. It is likely that the income tax legislation will absorb the existing corporation tax law, which now produces about \$30,000,000 annually, but the revision of the tariff will probably demand \$125,000,000 to fill the hole it makes.

If there is a substantial reduction of the tariff, including the removal of the duty on sugar, the new income tax will probably start with incomes of \$2,500 and be graduated upward. Free sugar would mean alone an annual loss of \$50,000,000 to the country. If revision is effected along moderate lines, the minimum income limit may be \$5,000. It has been generally proposed to make the amount of the levy 1 per cent, but it is said that such a rate would bring into the treasury only \$60,000,000.

The income tax amendment to the Constitution is due to the Democratic party, and that party is now charged with the duty of seeing to it that an adequate income tax bill shall be passed as soon as possible. The levy has been postponed for a quarter of a century; further delay would be intolerable and inexcusable.

OUR VALUABLE TEETH.

The lecture of an expert on oral hygiene before teachers and mothers of Richmond emphasized an aspect of public health that is too often neglected because it seems incidental and obvious. Yet the proper and systematic care of the mouth and teeth is as essential a precaution against disease as the right diet and pure water and air. It has been felt that the teeth were an individual matter, and the individual has been very careless. It is a good sign that such lectures are given and well attended. The right measures for such health work are not very difficult to explain, or expensive to perform, and scientific information widely disseminated should be enough to secure the establishment of those habits of cleanliness and care that will mean sound teeth and better digestions among children, and later among adults. In this matter, publicity and self-respect should be ample to get results.

If the general public has been neglectful of such things as healthy teeth, experts who deal with large bodies of men under stress have long since learned that good teeth are fundamental. It is interesting to note that the celebrated baseball champion, McGraw, of the New York National League team, has taken a dentist with him on his spring training trip to oversee the molars and bicusps of his warriors. A physician and trainers have long been members of the staff. Now a dentist is regarded as essential. The influence of the trained athlete on health work is nearly always for good, and if the schoolboy can be shown why his hero needs good teeth, it will prove a mighty stimulant to the constant use of a brush. Recruiting officers and army men generally have for years demanded good teeth. The bad results from poor dental equipment in soldiers have caused this demand.

Enlightened educators, especially in cities, have begun to insist that the mouth be inspected and taken care of by the school. In this connection, we trust that the visit of Dr. Wheeler will result in similar steps for the preservation of health among Richmond children. Indigestion, contagious diseases, and a host of lesser ills follow upon neglected teeth. Here, certainly, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

SOCIETY IN BATH.

The social whirl in Bath County is just one magnificent rupture after another. In that care-free region, the proverb seems to run: If Lent interferes with gaiety, cut out Lent. At least, so it would seem from the social item concerning a "farewell ball" at McClung, contributed to the Bath

County Enterprise by "Babe," who vividly portrays the doings of the smart set whose Riviera is the broad banks of the noble Cowpasture, now closed to navigation, but still open to disciples of Isaac Walton. It is at McClung that the beauty and the chivalry of Buzzard, Panther, Falling Springs and Crabbottom assemble to worship at the shrine of Terpsichore, all indifferent to the more formal and restrained social affairs at the nearby "Hot" and "Warm."

"Again," society around McClung is stirred," writes "Babe," for "again, Miss Grace Bird, of Green Valley, is the charming honoree of another 'ante-bellum' dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Liptrap as a 'farewell' ball to their dearly beloved teacher." As the honoree entered "the brilliantly lighted ballroom, leaning gracefully upon the arm of her gallant escort, Mr. Cletis Brinkley, all eyes were turned in silent admiration upon her beaming countenance and olive brow." Even Cletis, we take it, could not unfasten his eyes from that "olive brow," especially when it is further related that "she was daintily attired in a light, airy costume, which added much grace to the fragile form as she gracefully led the ball to the tune of 'Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?'" The peris of paradise and the maids of earth must have seemed pale beside her, as, with dainty evolutions, she marched away at the head of her attendant maidens, marshaling the feminine army behind her for victorious surrender when the whistle sounded for the break and the orchestra, concealed behind the palms, dropped into the enchanting cadences of "Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?" which is a sort of melody of "Turkey in the Straw" and "Billy in the Lowgrounds." Who could doubt "Babe's" verdict that "never on the pages of history was a dance more enjoyed, and long, long after the ball is over" will their minds turn backward to that memorable night, and long, long, will the soft, sweet strains of the violin echo the same sweet strains which floated out upon that calm, peaceful air that never-to-be-forgotten night. The host and hostess will be pleasantly remembered throughout all time for the many pleasant hours spent beneath that hospitable roof." Surely, that is all the Liptraps could ask in reward—many social functions have immortal fame, but few do the hosts and hostesses that are "remembered throughout all time."

How insipid and bromide seem the season's social activities at "the Hot" when compared with the dancing Marathon at McClung! How poor the cotillion leaders from New York, Newport and Tuxedo are beside Mr. Cletis Brinkley, happier than ever was Beau Nash, of old England's Bath. Better to be the escort of the belle of Green Valley than all else; and yet he must sigh, as we do, that it was a "farewell ball"—"it may be for years, it may be forever." Vale! belle of Green Valley! Vale!

"BOOK FARMERS" IN THE MAJORITY.

More than 40 per cent of the farmers who have talked to agents of the United States Department of Agriculture declare that "experience is the only teacher of farming," and that they have no faith in farmers' institutes, demonstration agents, agricultural schools or department bulletins. On the other hand, 45 per cent of the farmers carry out in actual practice the directions of the bulletins and 54 per cent the methods explained in institutes.

"It is encouraging that the number of reactionaries is no greater than it is," the New York World comments. A quarter of a century ago 85 per cent of farmers would in a similar canvass have derided the "book farmer." Time has wrought mighty changes. The farmer now goes to school. He is a practical student of chemistry; he knows all about the bacteriological fertilization of his soil. He believes that experience is an indispensable teacher, but he is not averse to availing himself of the experience of others. The farmer who studies is the farmer who succeeds.

In agriculture, as in politics, the line is sharply drawn between the progressives and the reactionaries. The reactionary is the farmer who believes that the methods his great-grandfather used are not susceptible of improvement; he is of opinion that in farming there is nothing new under the sun. Science can tell him nothing. The progressive farmer is open to new ideas; he has the courage to experiment with the new. He stands for applying brains to the soil. His ever increasing tribe is working a revolution in agriculture. Progressive farming is in the saddle.

Isn't it nice the storm did not come on March 17?

A gentleman from Illinois wants election day put on July Fourth, so people will be encouraged to vote. That man certainly has the right idea of a large time.

Woodrow Wilson seems bent on reducing dollar diplomacy to sense.

Is there anything in women that corresponds to man's chivalry toward them?

The Easter flowers must raise a large crop of bills.

That Canadian lumberman who got lost in New York's Grand Central Station and took the next train back to the woods ought to be glad he never got out on the streets.

That big storm coming just before the weather chief's resignation looks as if he slipped something over.

The Supreme Court believes in Virginia Justice.

Nothing much to look forward to now save baseball and home-grown strawberries.

Stew Nugent has decided to go to work till he kin find something better. I guess it's pretty hard to be an active sufferer in the old-fashioned manner dusted on the cob webs off the ole family crayons in the parlor.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

From the Training Camp.

The team is looking simply great. There's nought in it, boys. Our aggregation's going to be the one and only noise. The pitcher's staff has got the goods. Yes, stress, here's the deal. And every slinger in the bunch has got his battlin' eye. We're going to make the other seven teams look mighty tame. And we can't figure out just how we're going to lose a game. There's nought in the bunch at all exceptin' simple class. They'll even win the plaudits of the feller with the pass. Just take this bunch right off the bat, it somehow seems as how Us folks have just as good as got that pennant clinched right now.

The boy who writes the press stuff from the Southern training camp is bound to view the matter with an optimistic lamp. He says we've got some runners who could make Ty Cobb turn pale. His laudatory words of fulsome praise almost create the mad. The big leagues overlooked a bet in some uncalculated way. By failing to sign up this crowd that we have in our pay. Of course, the owner might say more, but modesty forbids. Although it will be just like taking candy from the kids. But when we come to recollect the by-gone baseball lore. It seems as though we've read this same old line of stuff before.

Helpful Household Hints.

How to keep a cook: First catch your cook. Then proceed noiselessly and rapidly to the office of the register of deeds and place your house and lot in your cook's name. Then buy her a six-cylinder Mercedes and a piano. Fit her up on an elaborate boudoir on the first floor of the house. Hire for her a manicurist, a butler, several hand maidens and second-hand maidens, also an Angora poodle. Place a theatre box at the cook's disposal and make your wife do the cooking. In this manner you may be able to keep your cook. Of course, extreme cases may require greater attention. How to make a silk hat: Hire one joint of stovepipe. Then catch seven or eight black cats and skin them, stretching the skins tightly about the stovepipe. Brush carefully. If the hat is too tall use a Brit's shortening. How to cure a bald-headed Brussels carpet: Take a pair of barber's clippers and clip the carpet all over, shave it carefully with a safety razor so it will all look alike. It will then all grow out even.

From the Hickeyville Clinch.

Renfrew Binks, our talented and versatile station agent for the railroad depot, said a lot of fellows got next to good tips on the stock market by tapping the telegraph wires. Hank Tumms climbed a pole next day and tapped a wire for an hour with his jackknife, but he didn't get no information. Hank Tumms says then is a "Gates Ajar" frame from the hot-house and expects to trim it up for a spring bunny in the near future. Elmer Jones says, "Folks like to own a good hot-house because a fellow could stay in all the year around and keep nice and warm for nothing. Since Hank has had the mumps his whiskers is too small and don't fit his face."

A feller that shoots glass balls in a Wild West show has certainly got some idea in life. Miss Amy Pringle, our milliner, says, "I would like to marry one of them foreign counts. By gum, she will marry a foreign one if she marries any, because there ain't no other kind except New York counts. Elmer Jones says, "Folks say the count Amy marries won't be no oyster. He will be a lobster. Hank Tumms says Bryan is a humbug when he poses as the peerless leader. Hank claims to be the peerless leader himself, as he has chawed more Peckers than any other feller in this country. What the weather has lacked in quantity lately it has made up in quality. An article discussed, but an editor is only cussed.

Voice of the People

The Easiest Way.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—There is tragedy in that expression. It has come to signify a thing—an awful thing, horrible and revolting. How long since those three simple words have been freighted with such unutterable significance we do not know. Men do not care to know, for the expression is a fearful indictment of our race.

Had men held honor dear—had they even held plain decency dear—this three-word term would not convey the universal meaning that it does.

The easiest way. What a sardonically humorous misnomer! A birth-right for a mess of pottage! A Christ for thirty pieces of silver! Honor for a trinket and a gown! The contemptuous provokes wonder and horror, a hysterical laugh or a low deep sob.

When the great unmaking comes and Infinite Justice holds the scales, dare we say that the cringing Magdalen will receive a drier condemnation than he who made her so?

Savagery made the female the prey of the male; civilization curtails the custom, but keeps it on. Savagery hunted with brute strength; civilization seduced with gold. Savagery followed success with a lick; civilization with reputation and contumely. Savagery sought no justification; civilization ex-

Abe Martin



WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD?

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established a moral standard—for the female.

Is it true, as so many philosophers aver, that beneath our veneer of culture and respectability we are savages? What of the men who make the easiest way? The fathers, brothers, husbands of girls who prey among other men's daughters and sisters and wives, who allure them with wealth, the bribery of magic and dowers and viands, of jewels, rich furnishings and goods? What of those vampires of the soul, who, with glittering persuasion, lure weak victims to a moment's paradise of plenty, with eternal infamy as its consequence?

The great world condemns the slaughter of beautifully feathered birds, whose plumage is sought to decorate the hats of its women. It passes laws to protect the birds. Organized society condemns the practice of obtaining a citizen's wealth by deception and fraud and makes it a crime. But where is your man-made law that prescribes a prison for the human vulture that prowls about poverty and want and prostitutes virtue with a grin?

F. D. SWINDELL.

Wilson, N. C.

A Virginian Poetess.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I have been interested in poets of Virginia, as given in your Virginia People column, and ask to add another to the list, Miss Bettie Powelkes, of Nottoway County. She writes under the name "Hyde Powelkes." Kindly publish this most beautiful and pathetic poem from her little book. To all who love true poetry it will appeal.

Look.

A note is lost to some reft heart's full chord,
And life's sweet undertone sinks to a wail;
The stars gleam out from some fond gazer's sky
And leaves but night's impenetrable veil.
A voice is mute that to my ear was dear,
An eye is quenched that to my own was light,
A soul whose strange sweet spell my spirit knew
Has passed into the illimitable night.

And will sweet Nature smile as she bathes done,
And spring birds sing and beauteous flowers bloom,
And soft low breezes bear the tones of love
Still thro' the ceaseless roll of years to come?

Oh, voice awake! Oh, eyes beloved but gaze
In mine again as in those vanished days!
Oh, star come back! Oh, broken chord restore
To my dark soul the melody once more.

Crews.

Virginian for Diplomat.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Two Virginians, through friends, are zealously vying with each other for honor of representing the government at some foreign court.

As Virginia can have only one such honor, the writer, as a good citizen and progressive Democrat, thinks that there is no question as to who should be selected. Thus, one is a permanent resident of Virginia, most of his associations are Virginian, and all—or nearly all—his interests are identified with Virginia. The other, though nominally a Virginian, is a permanent resident of Washington, where he is socially prominent, and where, presumably, all of his interests are centered.

The one is a progressive, and not a mere convert, either—and trains with progressives who save by every means in their power to prevent the nomination of Wilson, and who, after his nomination, showed no zeal in furthering his election.

PUT THIS LABEL ON YOUR GOODS



Views of the Virginia Editors

City Conveniences in a Country School.

From time to time we have published in this column information on educational topics, prepared by the United States Bureau of Education. The latest publication obtained from that source tells how a small school in the country may have all the conveniences of the city school, indoor toilets, shower baths, drinking fountains and modern heating plant.

The school is the model rural school at Kirtsville, Mo., and the story is told by H. W. Foght, specialist in rural education. According to Mr. Foght's account, the Kirtsville school is conspicuous for its utilization of every available inch of space. It is only a one-story building, slightly wider than the typical Missouri country school, but the attic and basement are both put to valuable use. The attic is employed for manual training and domestic science, and there is an excellent herbarium. The basement contains the heating plant, a combination of hot water and hot air, described as very economical in use, the fuel room, a bulb room for the outdoor garden, and a dark room for developing photographs.

The machinery of the school plant consists of an ordinary pneumatic pressure tank, operated by a gasoline engine. A septic tank sewer system is maintained at small expense.

The main floor of the building, besides containing the classroom proper, has a small community library, separate from the school library, emphasizing the purpose of the rural school as a community center. The classroom itself occupies most of the floor. The desks and seats in it are both adjustable and movable, with individual platforms, and when all are removed to one side, as many as 200 people can be accommodated, thus making it possible to use the room for community gatherings. The stereopticon in the wall of the classroom emphasizes still further the fact that this school is built for general community use as well as for ordinary school purposes.

Every effort has been made to have the model rural school at Kirtsville approximate actual rural conditions. Although located on the campus at the Kirtsville Normal School, it is detached from the other buildings. The pupils are real rural material. Every morning a transportation wagon brings in thirty-four country children from a distance of five miles. No town children are allowed to attend, because it is distinctly a rural school. An expert rural teacher is in charge, and the school she conducts is an observation school. Candidates for rural school certificates attend it at least once a day and observe her work, and after two years of training in the normal school they receive practice work in the school.

It is hardly necessary to add that in the country about Kirtsville the leading features of the schoolhouse have been copied. We do not see why they may not be copied in Virginia.—Newport News Times-Herald.

Twilight.

The shadows are falling, the end draw-eth near,
Sweet voices are calling, long hushed to our ears,
Old, homelike and weary, we sigh for the peace
That comes when earth's dreary hard tolling shall cease.

The temple up yonder all glorious and bright,
We glimpse oft and wonder, since God is its light,
The silvery river that flows by the tree
Of life in the city, in fruitage we see.

The white-robed immortals that throng the highway
Seem passing our portals, and not far away;
These—these all remind us, we're near—
And soon far behind us will lie shadowy land.

The way often cheerless—not much of sunshine—
But few leagues were tearless, down all the long
The twilight is cheering, our old hearts grow light;
It tells us we're nearing the land of no night.

'Tis balm for our sorrow, for heart-ache relief;
Assures us to-morrow we'll be beyond
The place without sadness, and never a sigh,
Where there is all gladness, and none ever die.

REV. D. H. KENNEY,
200 Poplar Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Big Tree.

Can you inform me what is the largest number of cords of wood ever cut from any tree?

V. P. H.

So far as record goes, the largest tree ever cut was handled by the largest Lumber Company in their woods near Simon, Humboldt County, California. It contained 128,125 board feet. The equivalent in cords would be 312 and a quarter, the allowance being two cords to the thousand feet. The tree was 300 feet high, about 18 feet in diameter at the butt and about 150 feet to the first limb. It is commonly calculated that the average \$5,000 house requires about 20,000 feet of lumber. This tree would have furnished lumber for seven such houses and the shingles to cover them.

Right to Vote.

I reside with my family in a Virginia city and maintain a furnished room in the town (in Virginia) from which we moved. If the matter of registration and taxes is all right, have I the right to vote in a called election in the town?

If you have not registered elsewhere and have claimed the town as your voting residence you have the right to vote in all elections held there.

An Address.

Please give me the address of Mr. George Gould, the railway magnate.

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165 Broadway, New York City.

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